

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

For the National Era.  
**LEONARD WRAY.**  
 A ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.  
 By the author of "The Chronicles of the Battle,"  
 "The Embassy," "The Yule Log," "Philip of  
 Lorraine," &c.

## CHAP. VII.—Continued.

The argument might have been pursued further, for it was growing in interest, had it not been suddenly brought to a close by the appearance of Mildred, who, having her hand on Leonard's arm, attracted his attention. Every one made way for the beautiful American girl, who said to her brother, in a low voice, trembling with emotion and terror—  
 "Leonard, dear Leonard, let us go!"

Her brother at once saw that something had occurred to disturb her, for her countenance indicated much distress of mind. He therefore slightly bowed to his antagonist, intimating that he hoped to have another opportunity of discussing the question more at length, and he withdrew with Mildred to another part of the saloon.

"How beautiful she is!" was the exclamation which rose from group to group, as the handsome pair moved through the brilliantly-lighted apartments to a convenient recess where there was a vacant seat.

"Mildred, dear Mildred, what has happened?" asked Leonard, as soon as they were out of earshot of the company.

"I have seen him here, Leonard," was the hasty reply, uttered in a voice of anguish, and accompanied by a hurried but anxious glance in the direction of the passing groups.

"Mark Aveling!" ejaculated Leonard. "Impossible. You must be mistaken."

"Oh, Leonard," sobbed she, "how could I be deceived? Let us leave the room, pray, lest he should see us!"

"Did he not perceive you, then, Mildred?"

"No! I was chatting with the Princess Mathilde, about her cousin and his extraordinary adventures, when I heard his name announced, and presently saw him enter. I took the opportunity of the Princess's attention being directed to the incident, to slip away to where I saw you standing. But do not let us remain, Leonard, I beg."

"Dear Mildred," answered Leonard, affectionately pressing her hand, "Mr. Aveling has no authority over you; nor, so long as I live, shall he ever acquire any, with my consent."

"But, Leonard, dear Leonard, he has power over you," replied Mildred.

"Not in this country, Mildred, to the extent that would render his power dangerous to your personal happiness or safety. I have never yet evaded meeting him, under whatever circumstances, and I never shall shun him now. Take my arm, Mildred, and we will rejoin the company."

"Leonard, if you love me as a sister, if you have any respect for my feelings, I beseech you not to expose me to the importunities of that unfeeling, unprincipled man. You know it was against my most urgent entreaties you introduced me into the fashionable world of Paris, and I now entreat you to conduct me home and leave me hereafter to enjoy solitude and my own reflections."

The poor girl's manner was so earnest, that Leonard could not refuse her principal request. Besides, he feared the consequences of excitement, and possibly a scandal in public company. He therefore gently assisted her to rise, and, taking her arm in his, prepared to lead her away. They were, however, compelled to pass through the main body of the company, and their appearance once more raised the murmur of admiration which the presence of Mildred had before excited, and which was always certain to follow her footsteps. It was now even more marked, for the trepidation of mind under which she was laboring had driven the blood into her cheeks, and imparted a dazzling lustre to her large eyes, heightening her beauty to a degree which surprised even those who had most recently seen her. Slowly, however, they made their way through the throngs gathered together in those elegant saloons, Leonard keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of the company, with a view to avoid a collision with the individual whose unexpected arrival had so suddenly marred Mildred's pleasure.

"They had to pass through one more saloon. It was somewhat smaller than the others, and refreshments were laid out there on a beautiful Here the Princess Mathilde and Prince Louis Napoleon encountered them."

"You are not going, Miss Wray?" exclaimed the Princess, laying her hand on Mildred's beautiful arm. "It is oppressively warm, I know; but, take an ice."

"My sister wishes to take leave of you, madam," answered Leonard, bowing to his hostess, "she is slightly indisposed."

"I would not readily consent," responded the Princess; "but I must introduce you to a companion whom you should know, Monsieur Wray. Come this way, Cousin," continued she, addressing Louis Napoleon, "permit me to take Monsieur Wray's arm, and do you take Miss Wray under your protection, and introduce her to Monsieur Aveling, who stands yonder, I perceive."

It was in vain to struggle against the force of circumstance. Casting an imploring look upon his sister, intended also to exhort her to take courage, Leonard resigned Mildred to the Prince, and followed, rather than conducted, his fair hostess to the banquet, where Mark Aveling stood, deliberately disrobing of an ice.

"Monsieur Aveling," said the Princess, taking the lead of the Prince, "permit me to introduce Miss Leonard Wray, a countrywoman of yours, who, I assure you, is the colleague of Parisian coquette, and who is likely to drive our gallant mad, if she remain the season in Paris."

"And allow me," said the Prince, "to introduce our brother to you, Mr. Leonard Wray." The acquaintance of Mark Aveling, on meeting with Mildred and Leonard under such circumstances, would probably have betrayed the fact of their being already acquainted, and of the existence of some unpleasant secret between them, but he met the fierce gaze of Leonard, instead of the downcast timid look that Mildred cast upon him as she retired. His embarrassment, however, was only momentary, and his self-possession only equalled by that of Mildred and Leonard themselves. The salutation which he honored them with was of the most formal kind, and was as stiffly returned by Leonard, who, by a great effort, contrived to preserve an untroubled exterior, though an inward prey to violent rage and indignation. The introduction over, the Princess added, addressing the Prince, and taking his arm—

"And now, cousin, we will resign Miss Wray once more to her brother's care, though I doubt whether, with all his vigilance, he will be able to prevent her from getting a husband in Paris, before very long."

So saying, and pressing Mildred's hand as she spoke, the Princess turned away, with her cousin, leaving Leonard and Mildred face to face with Mark. Leonard felt his sister tremble, as she stood, leaning heavily on his arm for support, and not daring to look up, though aware that the eyes of Mark were upon her, as well as those of the bystanders. The pause that ensued, though brief, was painful and awkward, but was brought to a close by Leonard's bowing silently to the smiling Mildred, and withdrawing with her to the quieted apartment, thus Mark's assumed impassibility left him. His countenance underwent a rapid

change, turning from pale to scarlet, and then to pale again. His teeth and lips became firmly compressed, and large drops of heavy perspiration stood out from his brow. Suddenly, he dashed down the glass he held, with a vehemence far from in keeping with the sober rules of gentility, and to the amazement of those who had witnessed the recent incident, rushed out, after the departed couple with an alacrity quite transatlantic.

He overtook them in the vestibule; and so rapid had been his pace, that he even overtook them a few paces:

"Your pardon, Mr. Wray," ejaculated he, in English, in a flurried tone; "but I was so astonished to meet with you, and with Miss Wray, I fear I have been guilty of a breach of courtesy in not recognizing you when you were introduced. May I be permitted to tender an apology?"

"None is needed, Mr. Aveling, so far as I am concerned," replied Leonard, calmly; "and I will also venture to say as much for my sister."

"But, Mr. Wray, Mr. Wray," pursued Aveling, following the young man and his companion, "I wish to speak with you. I have something of importance to say."

"Sir," returned Leonard, stopping short, and confronting him, "I desire to have as little to do with you as possible. The relation in which we stand towards each other has long since been determined, and I do not desire to disturb it, save in so far as it may release me from all obligation to you. I am your debtor, but you have your security. We will, if I can, retain our mutual position, until I can redeem the pledges which the imprudence of my unhappy father, and the curse of a fearful institution, have placed in your hand, as a guarantee for the advances your father made to mine. Sir, I wish you good evening."

No saying, Leonard hurried forward, leaving Mark confounded, and standing like a statue in the hall. He was aroused from his abstraction by a servant, who, addressing him in French, said—

"Monsieur, venez il sa voiture?"

"Eh! What! No! Yes! Confusion!" exclaimed he, all in a breath; and rushed out after Leonard, guided by the sound of receding wheels, and utterly oblivious that he had left hat and cloak behind him, and that it was pouring in torrents.

"Does Monsieur want his carriage?"

"No! I beg."

"Did he not perceive you, then, Mildred?"

"No! I was chatting with the Princess Mathilde, about her cousin and his extraordinary adventures, when I heard his name announced, and presently saw him enter. I took the opportunity of the Princess's attention being directed to the incident, to slip away to where I saw you standing. But do not let us remain, Leonard, I beg."

"Dear Mildred," answered Leonard, affectionately pressing her hand, "Mr. Aveling has no authority over you; nor, so long as I live, shall he ever acquire any, with my consent."

"But, Leonard, dear Leonard, he has power over you," replied Mildred.

"Not in this country, Mildred, to the extent that would render his power dangerous to your personal happiness or safety. I have never yet evaded meeting him, under whatever circumstances, and I never shall shun him now. Take my arm, Mildred, and we will rejoin the company."

"Leonard, if you love me as a sister, if you have any respect for my feelings, I beseech you not to expose me to the importunities of that unfeeling, unprincipled man. You know it was against my most urgent entreaties you introduced me into the fashionable world of Paris, and I now entreat you to conduct me home and leave me hereafter to enjoy solitude and my own reflections."

The poor girl's manner was so earnest, that Leonard could not refuse her principal request. Besides, he feared the consequences of excitement, and possibly a scandal in public company. He therefore gently assisted her to rise, and, taking her arm in his, prepared to lead her away. They were, however, compelled to pass through the main body of the company, and their appearance once more raised the murmur of admiration which the presence of Mildred had before excited, and which was always certain to follow her footsteps. It was now even more marked, for the trepidation of mind under which she was laboring had driven the blood into her cheeks, and imparted a dazzling lustre to her large eyes, heightening her beauty to a degree which surprised even those who had most recently seen her. Slowly, however, they made their way through the throngs gathered together in those elegant saloons, Leonard keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of the company, with a view to avoid a collision with the individual whose unexpected arrival had so suddenly marred Mildred's pleasure.

"They had to pass through one more saloon. It was somewhat smaller than the others, and refreshments were laid out there on a beautiful Here the Princess Mathilde and Prince Louis Napoleon encountered them."

"You are not going, Miss Wray?" exclaimed the Princess, laying her hand on Mildred's beautiful arm. "It is oppressively warm, I know; but, take an ice."

"My sister wishes to take leave of you, madam," answered Leonard, bowing to his hostess, "she is slightly indisposed."

"I would not readily consent," responded the Princess; "but I must introduce you to a companion whom you should know, Monsieur Wray. Come this way, Cousin," continued she, addressing Louis Napoleon, "permit me to take Monsieur Wray's arm, and do you take Miss Wray under your protection, and introduce her to Monsieur Aveling, who stands yonder, I perceive."

It was in vain to struggle against the force of circumstance. Casting an imploring look upon his sister, intended also to exhort her to take courage, Leonard resigned Mildred to the Prince, and followed, rather than conducted, his fair hostess to the banquet, where Mark Aveling stood, deliberately disrobing of an ice.

"Monsieur Aveling," said the Princess, taking the lead of the Prince, "permit me to introduce Miss Leonard Wray, a countrywoman of yours, who, I assure you, is the colleague of Parisian coquette, and who is likely to drive our gallant mad, if she remain the season in Paris."

"And allow me," said the Prince, "to introduce our brother to you, Mr. Leonard Wray." The acquaintance of Mark Aveling, on meeting with Mildred and Leonard under such circumstances, would probably have betrayed the fact of their being already acquainted, and of the existence of some unpleasant secret between them, but he met the fierce gaze of Leonard, instead of the downcast timid look that Mildred cast upon him as she retired. His embarrassment, however, was only momentary, and his self-possession only equalled by that of Mildred and Leonard themselves. The salutation which he honored them with was of the most formal kind, and was as stiffly returned by Leonard, who, by a great effort, contrived to preserve an untroubled exterior, though an inward prey to violent rage and indignation. The introduction over, the Princess added, addressing the Prince, and taking his arm—

"And now, cousin, we will resign Miss Wray once more to her brother's care, though I doubt whether, with all his vigilance, he will be able to prevent her from getting a husband in Paris, before very long."

So saying, and pressing Mildred's hand as she spoke, the Princess turned away, with her cousin, leaving Leonard and Mildred face to face with Mark. Leonard felt his sister tremble, as she stood, leaning heavily on his arm for support, and not daring to look up, though aware that the eyes of Mark were upon her, as well as those of the bystanders. The pause that ensued, though brief, was painful and awkward, but was brought to a close by Leonard's bowing silently to the smiling Mildred, and withdrawing with her to the quieted apartment, thus Mark's assumed impassibility left him. His countenance underwent a rapid

change, turning from pale to scarlet, and then to pale again. His teeth and lips became firmly compressed, and large drops of heavy perspiration stood out from his brow. Suddenly, he dashed down the glass he held, with a vehemence far from in keeping with the sober rules of gentility, and to the amazement of those who had witnessed the recent incident, rushed out, after the departed couple with an alacrity quite transatlantic.

He overtook them in the vestibule; and so rapid had been his pace, that he even overtook them a few paces:

"Your pardon, Mr. Wray," ejaculated he, in English, in a flurried tone; "but I was so astonished to meet with you, and with Miss Wray, I fear I have been guilty of a breach of courtesy in not recognizing you when you were introduced. May I be permitted to tender an apology?"

"None is needed, Mr. Aveling, so far as I am concerned," replied Leonard, calmly; "and I will also venture to say as much for my sister."

"But, Mr. Wray, Mr. Wray," pursued Aveling, following the young man and his companion, "I wish to speak with you. I have something of importance to say."

"Sir," returned Leonard, stopping short, and confronting him, "I desire to have as little to do with you as possible. The relation in which we stand towards each other has long since been determined, and I do not desire to disturb it, save in so far as it may release me from all obligation to you. I am your debtor, but you have your security. We will, if I can, retain our mutual position, until I can redeem the pledges which the imprudence of my unhappy father, and the curse of a fearful institution, have placed in your hand, as a guarantee for the advances your father made to mine. Sir, I wish you good evening."

No saying, Leonard hurried forward, leaving Mark confounded, and standing like a statue in the hall. He was aroused from his abstraction by a servant, who, addressing him in French, said—

"Monsieur, venez il sa voiture?"

"Eh! What! No! Yes! Confusion!" exclaimed he, all in a breath; and rushed out after Leonard, guided by the sound of receding wheels, and utterly oblivious that he had left hat and cloak behind him, and that it was pouring in torrents.

"Does Monsieur want his carriage?"

"No! I beg."

"Did he not perceive you, then, Mildred?"

"No! I was chatting with the Princess Mathilde, about her cousin and his extraordinary adventures, when I heard his name announced, and presently saw him enter. I took the opportunity of the Princess's attention being directed to the incident, to slip away to where I saw you standing. But do not let us remain, Leonard, I beg."

"Dear Mildred," answered Leonard, affectionately pressing her hand, "Mr. Aveling has no authority over you; nor, so long as I live, shall he ever acquire any, with my consent."

"But, Leonard, dear Leonard, he has power over you," replied Mildred.

"Not in this country, Mildred, to the extent that would render his power dangerous to your personal happiness or safety. I have never yet evaded meeting him, under whatever circumstances, and I never shall shun him now. Take my arm, Mildred, and we will rejoin the company."

"Leonard, if you love me as a sister, if you have any respect for my feelings, I beseech you not to expose me to the importunities of that unfeeling, unprincipled man. You know it was against my most urgent entreaties you introduced me into the fashionable world of Paris, and I now entreat you to conduct me home and leave me hereafter to enjoy solitude and my own reflections."

The poor girl's manner was so earnest, that Leonard could not refuse her principal request. Besides, he feared the consequences of excitement, and possibly a scandal in public company. He therefore gently assisted her to rise, and, taking her arm in his, prepared to lead her away. They were, however, compelled to pass through the main body of the company, and their appearance once more raised the murmur of admiration which the presence of Mildred had before excited, and which was always certain to follow her footsteps. It was now even more marked, for the trepidation of mind under which she was laboring had driven the blood into her cheeks, and imparted a dazzling lustre to her large eyes, heightening her beauty to a degree which surprised even those who had most recently seen her. Slowly, however, they made their way through the throngs gathered together in those elegant saloons, Leonard keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of the company, with a view to avoid a collision with the individual whose unexpected arrival had so suddenly marred Mildred's pleasure.

"They had to pass through one more saloon. It was somewhat smaller than the others, and refreshments were laid out there on a beautiful Here the Princess Mathilde and Prince Louis Napoleon encountered them."

"You are not going, Miss Wray?" exclaimed the Princess, laying her hand on Mildred's beautiful arm. "It is oppressively warm, I know; but, take an ice."

"My sister wishes to take leave of you, madam," answered Leonard, bowing to his hostess, "she is slightly indisposed."

"I would not readily consent," responded the Princess; "but I must introduce you to a companion whom you should know, Monsieur Wray. Come this way, Cousin," continued she, addressing Louis Napoleon, "permit me to take Monsieur Wray's arm, and do you take Miss Wray under your protection, and introduce her to Monsieur Aveling, who stands yonder, I perceive."

It was in vain to struggle against the force of circumstance. Casting an imploring look upon his sister, intended also to exhort her to take courage, Leonard resigned Mildred to the Prince, and followed, rather than conducted, his fair hostess to the banquet, where Mark Aveling stood, deliberately disrobing of an ice.

"Monsieur Aveling," said the Princess, taking the lead of the Prince, "permit me to introduce Miss Leonard Wray, a countrywoman of yours, who, I assure you, is the colleague of Parisian coquette, and who is likely to drive our gallant mad, if she remain the season in Paris."

"And allow me," said the Prince, "to introduce our brother to you, Mr. Leonard Wray." The acquaintance of Mark Aveling, on meeting with Mildred and Leonard under such circumstances, would probably have betrayed the fact of their being already acquainted, and of the existence of some unpleasant secret between them, but he met the fierce gaze of Leonard, instead of the downcast timid look that Mildred cast upon him as she retired. His embarrassment, however, was only momentary, and his self-possession only equalled by that of Mildred and Leonard themselves. The salutation which he honored them with was of the most formal kind, and was as stiffly returned by Leonard, who, by a great effort, contrived to preserve an untroubled exterior, though an inward prey to violent rage and indignation. The introduction over, the Princess added, addressing the Prince, and taking his arm—

"And now, cousin, we will resign Miss Wray once more to her brother's care, though I doubt whether, with all his vigilance, he will be able to prevent her from getting a husband in Paris, before very long."

So saying, and pressing Mildred's hand as she spoke, the Princess turned away, with her cousin, leaving Leonard and Mildred face to face with Mark. Leonard felt his sister tremble, as she stood, leaning heavily on his arm for support, and not daring to look up, though aware that the eyes of Mark were upon her, as well as those of the bystanders. The pause that ensued, though brief, was painful and awkward, but was brought to a close by Leonard's bowing silently to the smiling Mildred, and withdrawing with her to the quieted apartment, thus Mark's assumed impassibility left him. His countenance underwent a rapid

change, turning from pale to scarlet, and then to pale again. His teeth and lips became firmly compressed, and large drops of heavy perspiration stood out from his brow. Suddenly, he dashed down the glass he held, with a vehemence far from in keeping with the sober rules of gentility, and to the amazement of those who had witnessed the recent incident, rushed out, after the departed couple with an alacrity quite transatlantic.

He overtook them in the vestibule; and so rapid had been his pace, that he even overtook them a few paces:

"Your pardon, Mr. Wray," ejaculated he, in English, in a flurried tone; "but I was so astonished to meet with you, and with Miss Wray, I fear I have been guilty of a breach of courtesy in not recognizing you when you were introduced. May I be permitted to tender an apology?"

"None is needed, Mr. Aveling, so far as I am concerned," replied Leonard, calmly; "and I will also venture to say as much for my sister."

"But, Mr. Wray, Mr. Wray," pursued Aveling, following the young man and his companion, "I wish to speak with you. I have something of importance to say."

"Sir," returned Leonard, stopping short, and confronting him, "I desire to have as little to do with you as possible. The relation in which we stand towards each other has long since been determined, and I do not desire to disturb it, save in so far as it may release me from all obligation to you. I am your debtor, but you have your security. We will, if I can, retain our mutual position, until I can redeem the pledges which the imprudence of my unhappy father, and the curse of a fearful institution, have placed in your hand, as a guarantee for the advances your father made to mine. Sir, I wish you good evening."

No saying, Leonard hurried forward, leaving Mark confounded, and standing like a statue in the hall. He was aroused from his abstraction by a servant, who, addressing him in French, said—

"Monsieur, venez il sa voiture?"

"Eh! What! No! Yes! Confusion!" exclaimed he, all in a breath; and rushed out after Leonard, guided by the sound of receding wheels, and utterly oblivious that he had left hat and cloak behind him, and that it was pouring in torrents.

"Does Monsieur want his carriage?"

"No! I beg."

"Did he not perceive you, then, Mildred?"

"No! I was chatting with the Princess Mathilde, about her cousin and his extraordinary adventures, when I heard his name announced, and presently saw him enter. I took the opportunity of the Princess's attention being directed to the incident, to slip away to where I saw you standing. But do not let us remain, Leonard, I beg."

"Dear Mildred," answered Leonard, affectionately pressing her hand, "Mr. Aveling has no authority over you; nor, so long as I live, shall he ever acquire any, with my consent."

"But, Leonard, dear Leonard, he has power over you," replied Mildred.

"Not in this country, Mildred, to the extent that would render his power dangerous to your personal happiness or safety. I have never yet evaded meeting him, under whatever circumstances, and I never shall shun him now. Take my arm, Mildred, and we will rejoin the company."

"Leonard, if you love me as a sister, if you have any respect for my feelings, I beseech you not to expose me to the importunities of that unfeeling, unprincipled man. You know it was against my most urgent entreaties you introduced me into the fashionable world of Paris, and I now entreat you to conduct me home and leave me hereafter to enjoy solitude and my own reflections."

The poor girl's manner was so earnest, that Leonard could not refuse her principal request. Besides, he feared the consequences of excitement, and possibly a scandal in public company. He therefore gently assisted her to rise, and, taking her arm in his, prepared to lead her away. They were, however, compelled to pass through the main body of the company, and their appearance once more raised the murmur of admiration which the presence of Mildred had before excited, and which was always certain to follow her footsteps. It was now even more marked, for the trepidation of mind under which she was laboring had driven the blood into her cheeks, and imparted a dazzling lustre to her large eyes, heightening her beauty to a degree which surprised even those who had most recently seen her. Slowly, however, they made their way through the throngs gathered together in those elegant saloons, Leonard keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of the company, with a view to avoid a collision with the individual whose unexpected arrival had so suddenly marred Mildred's pleasure.

"They had to pass through one more saloon. It was somewhat smaller than the others, and refreshments were laid out there on a beautiful Here the Princess Mathilde and Prince Louis Napoleon encountered them."

"You are not going, Miss Wray?" exclaimed the Princess, laying her hand on Mildred's beautiful arm. "It is oppressively warm, I know; but, take an ice."

"My sister wishes to take leave of you, madam," answered Leonard, bowing to his hostess, "she is slightly indisposed."

"I would not readily consent," responded the Princess; "but I must introduce you to a companion whom you should know, Monsieur Wray. Come this way, Cousin," continued she, addressing Louis Napoleon, "permit me to take Monsieur Wray's arm, and do you take Miss Wray under your protection, and introduce her to Monsieur Aveling, who stands yonder, I perceive."

It was in vain to struggle against the force of circumstance. Casting an imploring look upon his sister, intended also to exhort her to take courage, Leonard resigned Mildred to the Prince, and followed, rather than conducted, his fair hostess to the banquet, where Mark Aveling stood, deliberately disrobing of an ice.

"Monsieur Aveling," said the Princess, taking the lead of the Prince, "permit me to introduce Miss Leonard Wray, a countrywoman of yours, who, I assure you, is the colleague of Parisian coquette, and who is likely to drive our gallant mad, if she remain the season in Paris."

"And allow me," said the Prince, "to introduce our brother to you, Mr. Leonard Wray." The acquaintance of Mark Aveling, on meeting with Mildred and Leonard under such circumstances, would probably have betrayed the fact of their being already acquainted, and of the existence of some unpleasant secret between them, but he met the fierce gaze of Leonard, instead of the downcast timid look that Mildred cast upon him as she retired. His embarrassment, however, was only momentary, and his self-possession only equalled by that of Mildred and Leonard themselves. The salutation which he honored them with was of the most formal kind, and was as stiffly returned by Leonard, who, by a great effort, contrived to preserve an untroubled exterior, though an inward prey to violent rage and indignation. The introduction over, the Princess added, addressing the Prince, and taking his arm—

"And now, cousin, we will resign Miss Wray once more to her brother's care, though I doubt whether, with all his vigilance, he will be able to prevent her from getting a husband in Paris, before very long."

So saying, and pressing Mildred's hand as she spoke, the Princess turned away, with her cousin, leaving Leonard and Mildred face to face with Mark. Leonard felt his sister tremble, as she stood, leaning heavily on his arm for support, and not daring to look up, though aware that the eyes of Mark were upon her, as well as those of the bystanders. The pause that ensued, though brief, was painful and awkward, but was brought to a close by Leonard's bowing silently to the smiling Mildred, and withdrawing with her to the quieted apartment, thus Mark's assumed impassibility left him. His countenance underwent a rapid

change, turning from pale to scarlet, and then to pale again. His teeth and lips became firmly compressed, and large drops of heavy perspiration stood out from his brow. Suddenly, he dashed down the glass he held, with a vehemence far from in keeping with the sober rules of gentility, and to the amazement of those who had witnessed the recent incident, rushed out, after the departed couple with an alacrity quite transatlantic.

He overtook them in the vestibule; and so rapid had been his pace, that he even overtook them a few paces:

"Your pardon, Mr. Wray," ejaculated he, in English, in a flurried tone; "but I was so astonished to meet with you, and with Miss Wray, I fear I have been guilty of a breach of courtesy in not recognizing you when you were introduced. May I be permitted to tender an apology?"

"None is needed, Mr. Aveling, so far as I am concerned," replied Leonard, calmly; "and I will also venture to say as much for my sister."

"But, Mr. Wray, Mr. Wray," pursued Aveling, following the young man and his companion, "I wish to speak with you. I have something of importance to say."

"Sir," returned Leonard, stopping short, and confronting him, "I desire to have as little to do with you as possible. The relation in which we stand towards each other has long since been determined, and I do not desire to disturb it, save in so far as it may release me from all obligation to you. I am your debtor, but you have your security. We will, if I can, retain our mutual position, until I can redeem the pledges which the imprudence of my unhappy father, and the curse of a fearful institution, have placed in your hand, as a guarantee for the advances your father made to mine. Sir, I wish you good evening."

No saying, Leonard hurried forward, leaving Mark confounded, and standing like a statue in the hall. He was aroused from his abstraction by a servant, who, addressing him in French, said—

"Monsieur, venez il sa voiture?"

"Eh! What! No! Yes! Confusion!" exclaimed he, all in a breath; and rushed out after Leonard, guided by the sound of receding wheels, and utterly oblivious that he had left hat and cloak behind him, and that it was pouring in torrents.

"Does Monsieur want his carriage?"

"No! I beg."

"Did he not perceive you, then, Mildred?"

"No! I was chatting with the Princess Mathilde, about her cousin and his extraordinary adventures, when I heard his name announced, and presently saw him enter. I took the opportunity of the Princess's attention being directed to the incident, to slip away to where I saw you standing. But do not let us remain, Leonard, I beg."

"Dear Mildred," answered Leonard, affectionately pressing her hand, "Mr. Aveling has no authority over you; nor, so long as I live, shall he ever acquire any, with my consent."

"But, Leonard, dear Leonard, he has power over you," replied Mildred.

"Not in this country, Mildred, to the extent that would render his power dangerous to your personal happiness or safety. I have never yet evaded meeting him, under whatever circumstances, and I never shall shun him now. Take my arm, Mildred, and we will rejoin the company."

"Leonard, if you love me as a sister, if you have any respect for my feelings, I beseech you not to expose me to the importunities of that unfeeling, unprincipled man. You know it was against my most urgent entreaties you introduced me into the fashionable world of Paris, and I now entreat you to conduct me home and leave me hereafter to enjoy solitude and my own reflections."

The poor girl's manner was so earnest, that Leonard could not refuse her principal request. Besides, he feared the consequences of excitement, and possibly a scandal in public company. He therefore gently assisted her to rise, and, taking her arm in his, prepared to lead her away. They were, however, compelled to pass through the main body of the company, and their appearance once more raised the murmur of admiration which the presence of Mildred had before excited, and which was always certain to follow her footsteps. It was now even more marked, for the trepidation of mind under which she was laboring had driven the blood into her cheeks, and imparted a dazzling lustre to her large eyes, heightening her beauty to a degree which surprised even those who had most recently seen her. Slowly, however, they made their way through the throngs gathered together in those elegant saloons, Leonard keeping up a vigilant scrutiny of the company, with a view to avoid a collision with the individual whose unexpected arrival had so suddenly marred Mildred's pleasure.